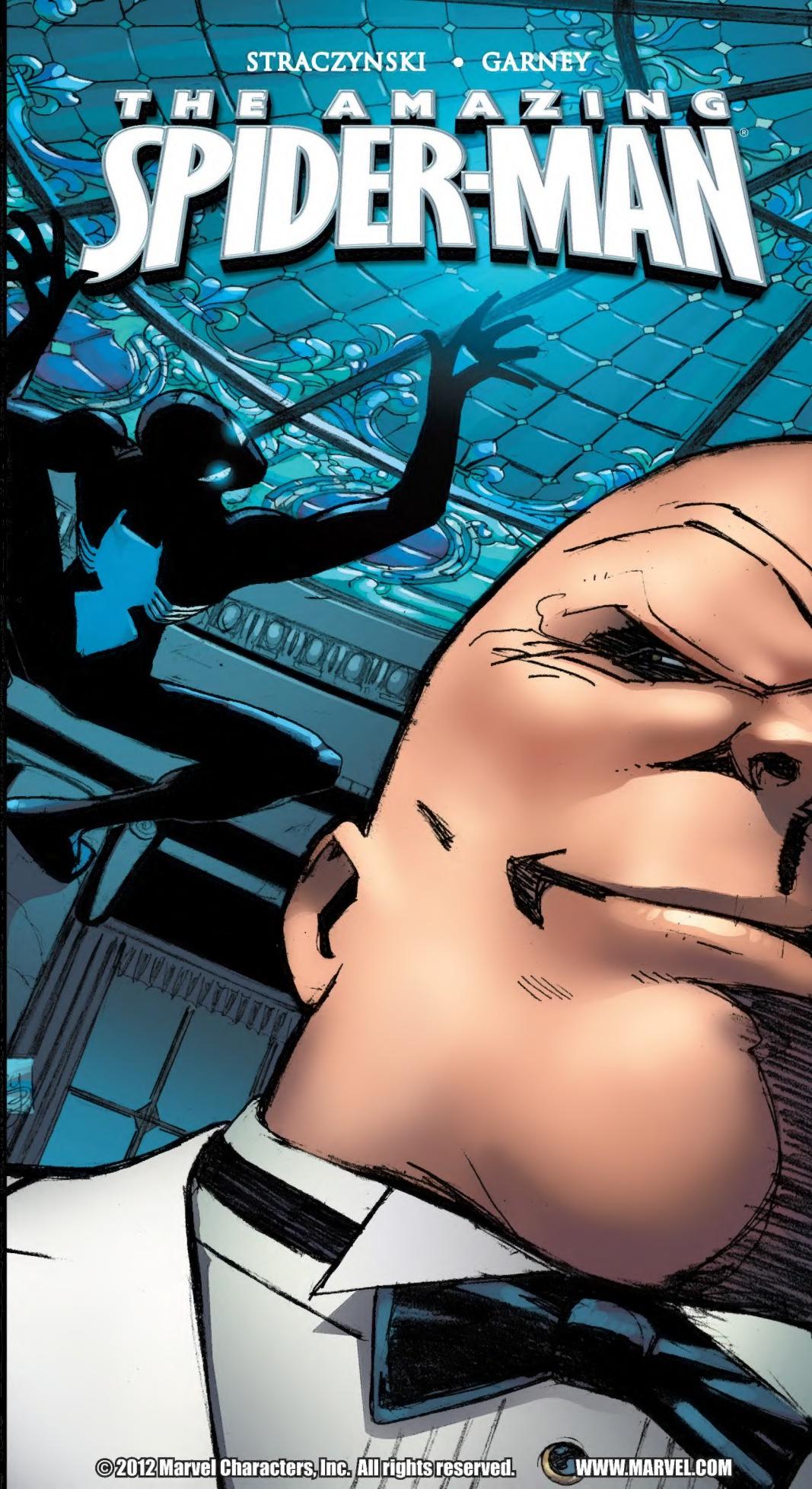


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STRACZYNKI • GARNEY

# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

BACK IN BLACK



# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

After he had already revealed his secret identity to the United States Government per the Superhuman Registration Act, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter a fugitive, forced into hiding in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May.

Returning to the motel after the conclusion of the super hero Civil War, Peter was met by an attempt on his life. He acted quickly enough to save himself and Mary Jane from harm, but the bullet meant for him instead struck Aunt May. Frantic to save May's life, Peter rushed her to the hospital. Not knowing how to help her, he resolved to do the only thing he could: hunt down the men responsible. Little did he know, though, that the trail leading to the shooter would also lead right to the man who took out the hit.

After giving May a transfusion of his radioactive blood in a last-ditch effort to save her life, Peter headed for Riker's Island to confront the man responsible for her condition: Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. The Kingpin of Crime.

AS FAR AS AMBIENCE IS CONCERNED, IT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I WOULD HAVE CHOSEN FOR THE GRAND FINALE OF OUR LONG ASSOCIATION--

--SOMETHING PERHAPS A BIT MORE REGAL, OR EVEN A TOUCH GLADIATORIAL--

--BUT AS ARENAS GO, AT LEAST THIS ONE CERTAINLY COMES WITH A VERY APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, MR. PARKER?



# BACK IN BLACK

PART  
**4**  
OF 5

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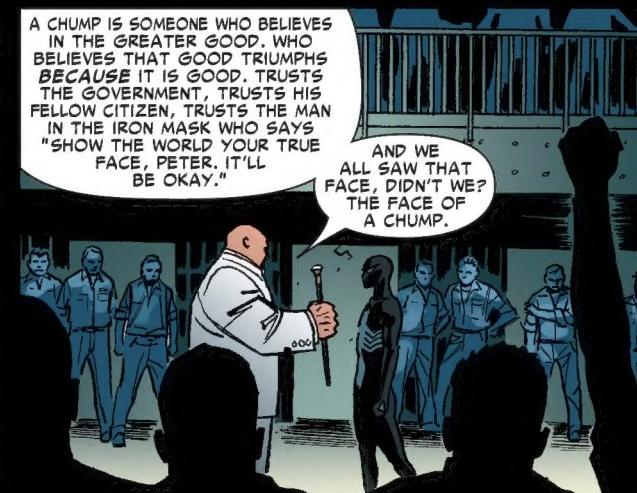
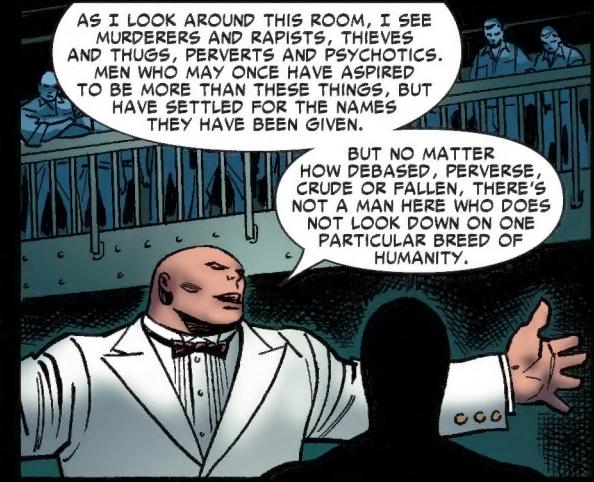
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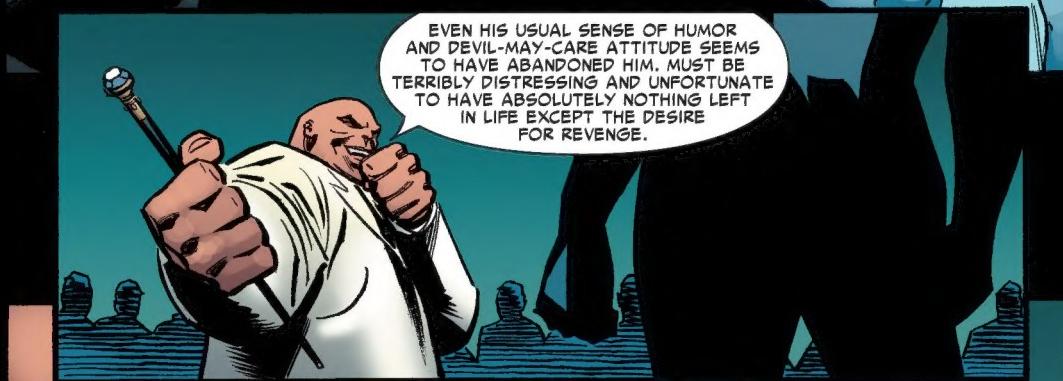
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A CHUMP WHO IS NOW HUNTED BY THE PEOPLE HE BELIEVED IN, SPURNED BY THE SYSTEM HE SUPPORTED, ABANDONED BY THE FRIENDS HE THOUGHT HE HAD, HIS WIFE LIVING IN A TWO-BIT MOTEL AND HIS DEAR, SWEET AUNT DYING IN A HOSPITAL BED BECAUSE HE COULDN'T EVEN STAND STILL LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE BULLET THAT WAS HIS BY RIGHT.



BUT I GUESS  
YOU CAN'T MAKE  
AN OMELETTE WITHOUT  
BREAKING A FEW  
OLD LADIES.





MOVING LIKE  
THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER  
YOU IMAGINE YOURSELF TO  
BE, EH? LEAPING ON THE  
PREY SUDDENLY IN HOPES  
OF WEARING IT OUT OR  
CONFUSING IT, EH?

CHEAP  
THEATRICS. I  
HAD EXPECTED  
BETTER.



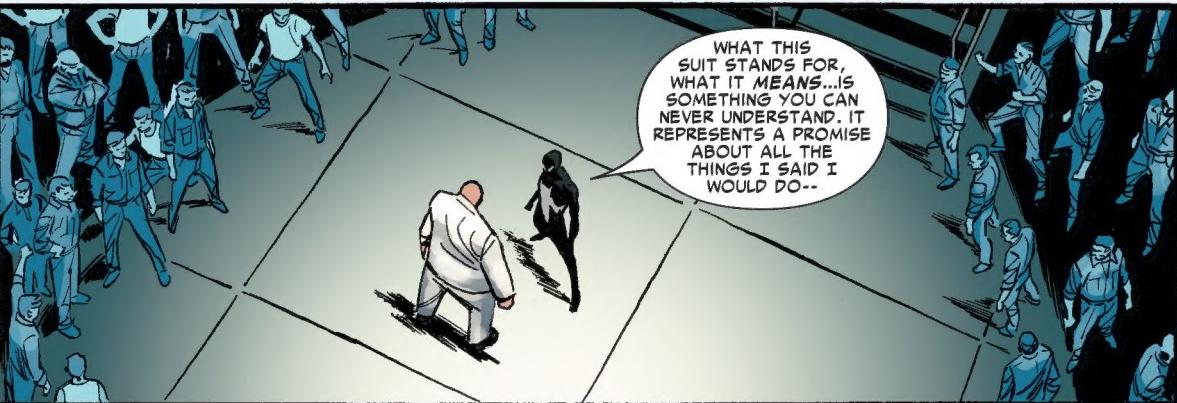
WELL?

YOU SAID  
YOU WERE COMING  
HERE TO KILL ME. ARE  
YOU HERE TO FIGHT,  
OR DANCE?

SAY  
SOMETHING,  
DAMN YOU.

ALL  
RIGHT.

WHAT THIS  
SUIT STANDS FOR,  
WHAT IT MEANS...IS  
SOMETHING YOU CAN  
NEVER UNDERSTAND. IT  
REPRESENTS A PROMISE  
ABOUT ALL THE  
THINGS I SAID I  
WOULD DO--



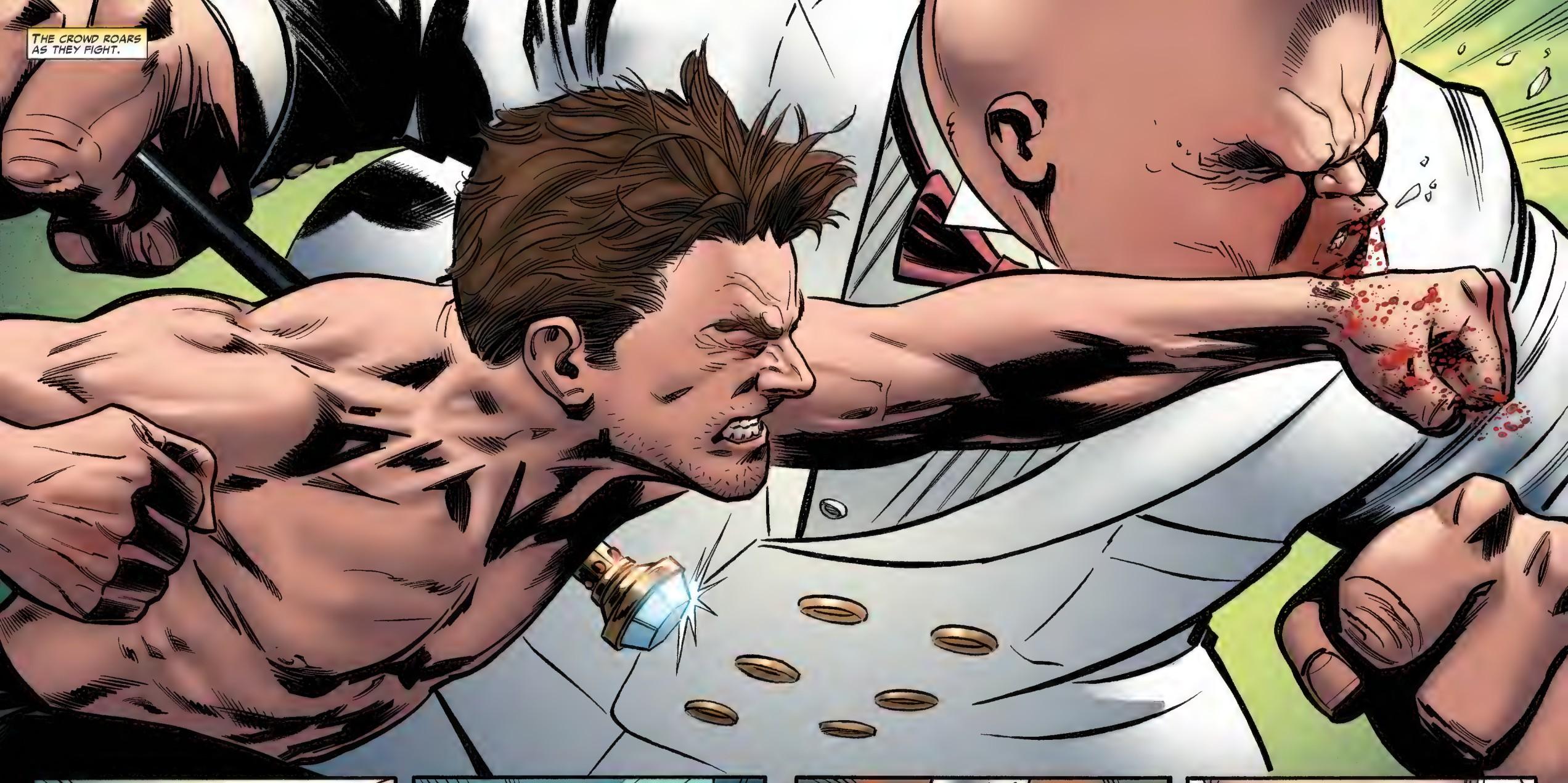
--AND ALL THE THINGS I  
SAID I WOULD NEVER DO...ALL  
THE LINES I SAID I WOULD NEVER  
EVER CROSS BECAUSE DOING SO  
WOULD DESTROY EVERYTHING  
THIS SUIT STANDS FOR.

AND THAT, YOU  
SEE, IS WHY YOU'RE  
CONFUSED.





THE CROWD ROARS  
AS THEY FIGHT.



"NO. NOT  
A MAN."



"A TARGET."



YOU FORGOT  
SOMETHING, FISK. SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD'VE REMEMBERED  
BEFORE YOU DECIDED TO PUT A  
BULLET THROUGH SOMEONE TOO  
OLD AND FRAIL TO GET OUT  
OF THE WAY.

AND  
IT'S THIS.

FOR ALL YOUR  
MONEY, FOR ALL YOUR  
CRUELTY, FOR ALL YOUR  
BIG TALK...YOU DON'T HAVE  
ANY REAL POWER. YOU CAN'T  
FLY, CAN'T STICK TO WALLS,  
CAN'T TURN INTO LIVING FLAME  
OR STRETCH OUT ACROSS A  
TWENTY-FOOT ROOM.



AT THE END  
OF THE DAY, YOU'RE  
JUST A FAT MAN WITH AN  
ATTITUDE...A BALLOON JUST  
WAITING FOR SOMEONE  
TO STICK A NEEDLE  
IN IT.

AND  
ME?

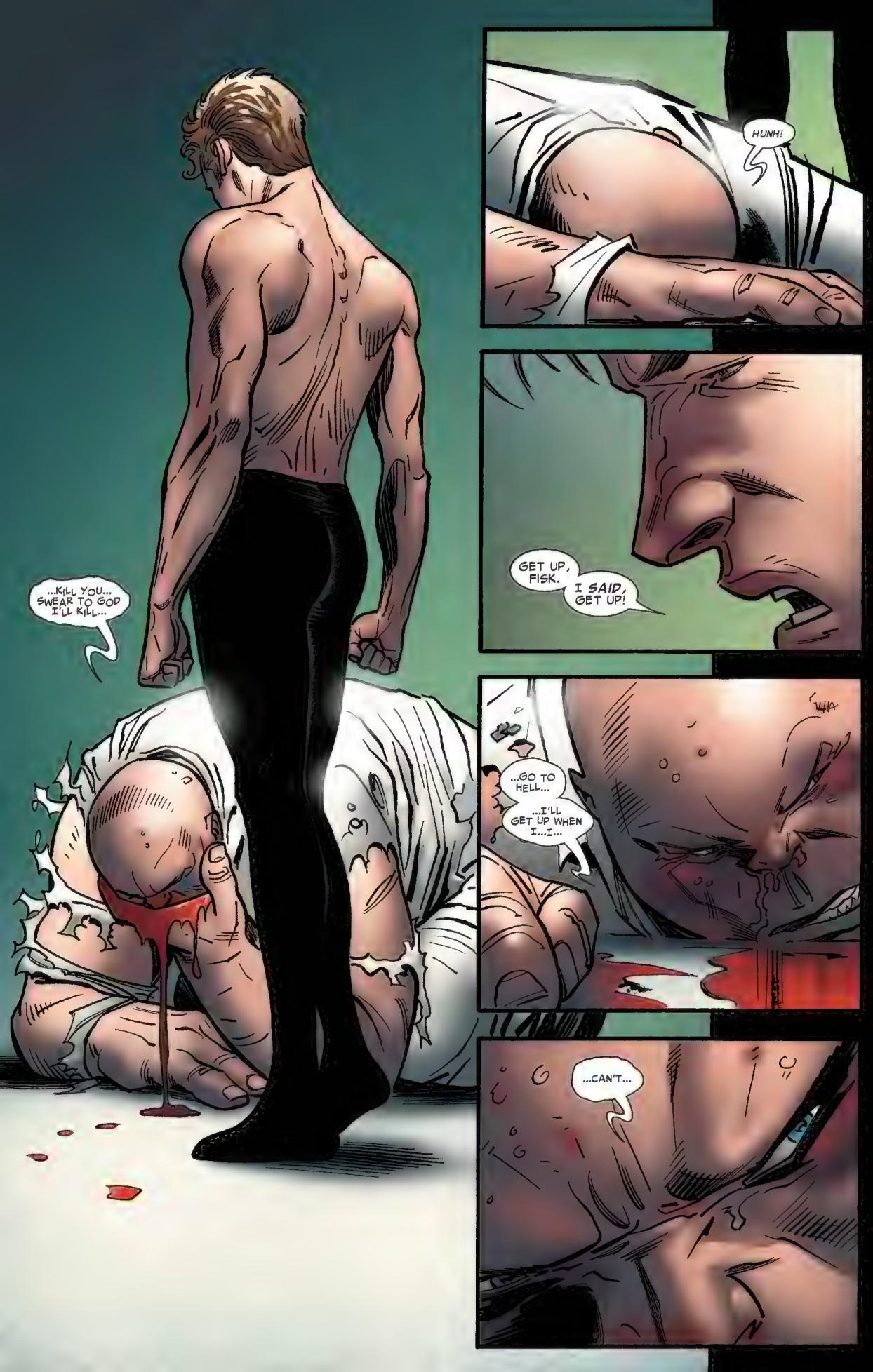


I'M THE  
NEEDLE.



UNNNH!











AND EVERY MAN  
IN THIS ROOM SAW  
ME BEAT YOU.

AND THEY WILL  
TELL THEIR PALS, AND  
THOSE GUYS WILL TELL  
THEIR PALS, AND ON,  
AND ON...

...AND SOON THE WHOLE CITY,  
THE WHOLE COUNTRY, WILL KNOW  
WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW...THAT  
YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN, IN PUBLIC,  
ONE-ON-ONE.

AND FOR A  
MAN AS PRIDEFUL AS  
YOU, WHO NEEDS FOR  
EVERYONE TO BELIEVE HE  
CAN'T BE BEATEN...THAT'S  
THE WORST PAIN YOU  
CAN EVER FEEL.

I WANT  
YOU TO LIVE WITH THAT  
KNOWLEDGE BECAUSE I KNOW  
IT WILL TEAR YOU APART DEEP  
INSIDE EVERY WAKING MOMENT  
OF EVERY DAY. I WANT YOU TO  
LIVE IN THAT KIND OF PERSONAL  
HELL. I WANT YOU TO  
BURN, FISK.

FOR A  
WHILE, AT  
LEAST. AND THEN...

YOU SEE, I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO  
AVOID KILLING ANYONE PARTLY FOR  
MY OWN PRINCIPLES, AND  
PARTLY BECAUSE I WAS ALWAYS  
AFRAID HOW IT WOULD AFFECT  
MY FAMILY IF I KILLED SOMEONE.  
BUT IF MY AUNT IS DEAD, WELL...  
THAT TAKES CARE OF ONE  
REASON, AND THE OTHER...  
WELL, I CAN MAKE AN  
EXCEPTION.

SO. HERE'S  
HOW IT'S GOING  
TO HAPPEN.



THE MOMENT MY AUNT DIES, I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU, AND WE'RE GOING TO FINISH WHAT WE STARTED. AND AS OF RIGHT NOW, YOU KNOW--

--YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME. I WILL COME TO YOU, AND I WILL COUNT.

ONE...TWO... THREE.

MEANWHILE, YOU'LL LIVE WITH THE MEMORY OF THIS MOMENT, THE HUMILIATION OF THIS MOMENT...AND THE MESSAGE OF THIS MOMENT--

AND THEN--

--YOU'LL BE DEAD.

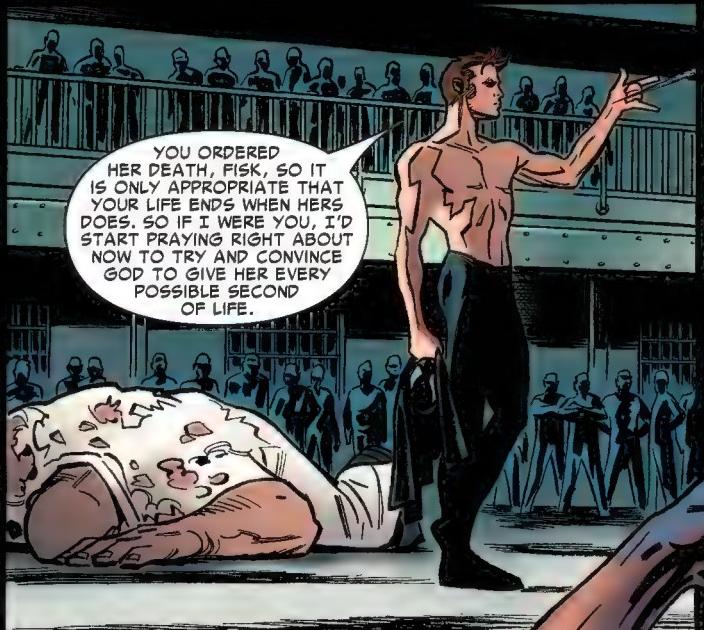
I SWEAR TO YOU, ON MY LIFE AND HER SOUL, ON EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR...YOU'LL BE DEAD.

--WHICH IS DIRECTED AT THE REST OF YOU, AND EVERYONE YOU KNOW. PUT THE WORD OUT. IF ANYONE COMES NEAR ME OR MY FAMILY AGAIN...IF ANYONE EVEN TOUCHES THEM, OR ANYONE ELSE WHO MATTERS TO ME--



--YOU WILL EXPERIENCE FIRSTHAND WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY.

YOU TOUCH THEM, YOU DIE. PAINFULLY. SLOWLY. DEFINITIVELY.



BUT TO TELL  
YOU THE TRUTH, IN  
YOUR POSITION, I  
WOULDN'T COUNT TOO  
MUCH ON GOD IF I  
WERE YOU.

SEE YOU  
AROUND, MR.  
FISK.  
COUNT  
ON IT.



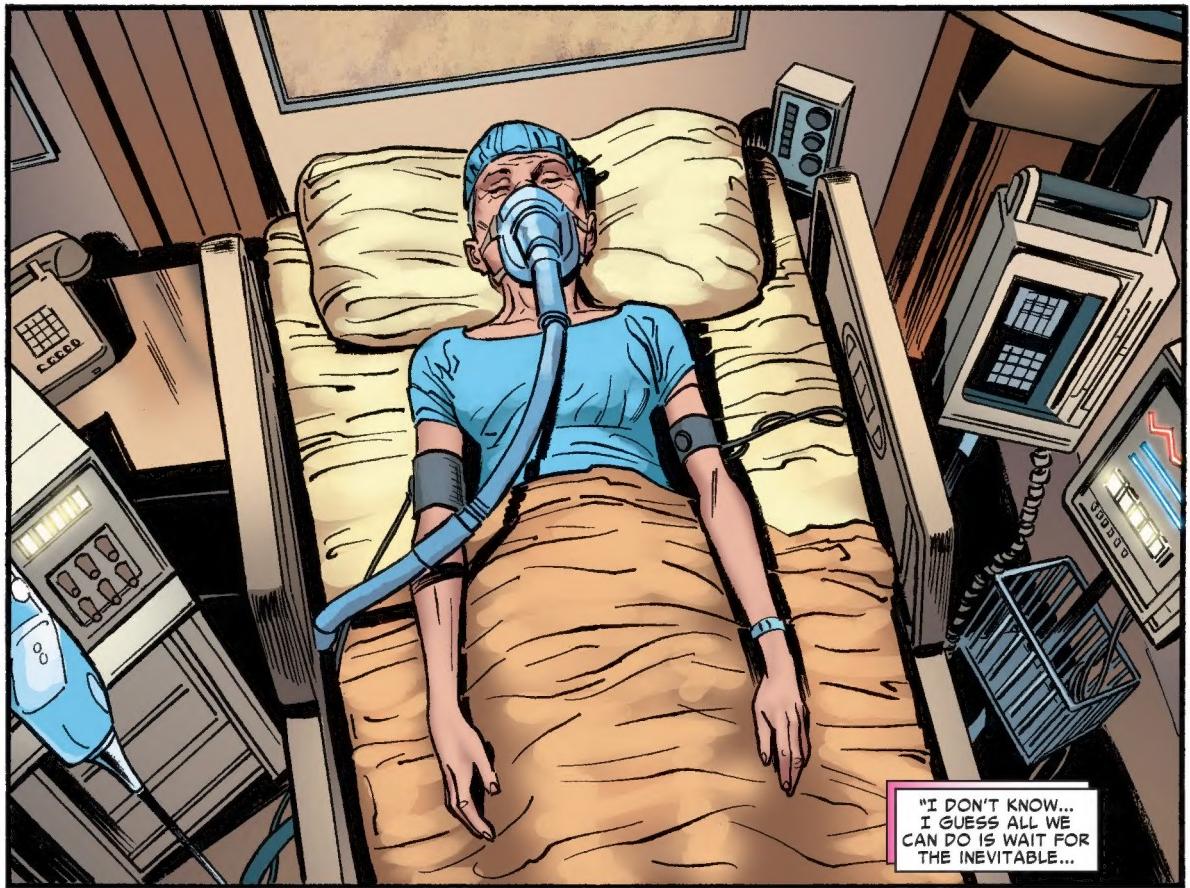


"DID YOU GET DONE  
EVERYTHING YOU HAD  
TO DO, PETER?"

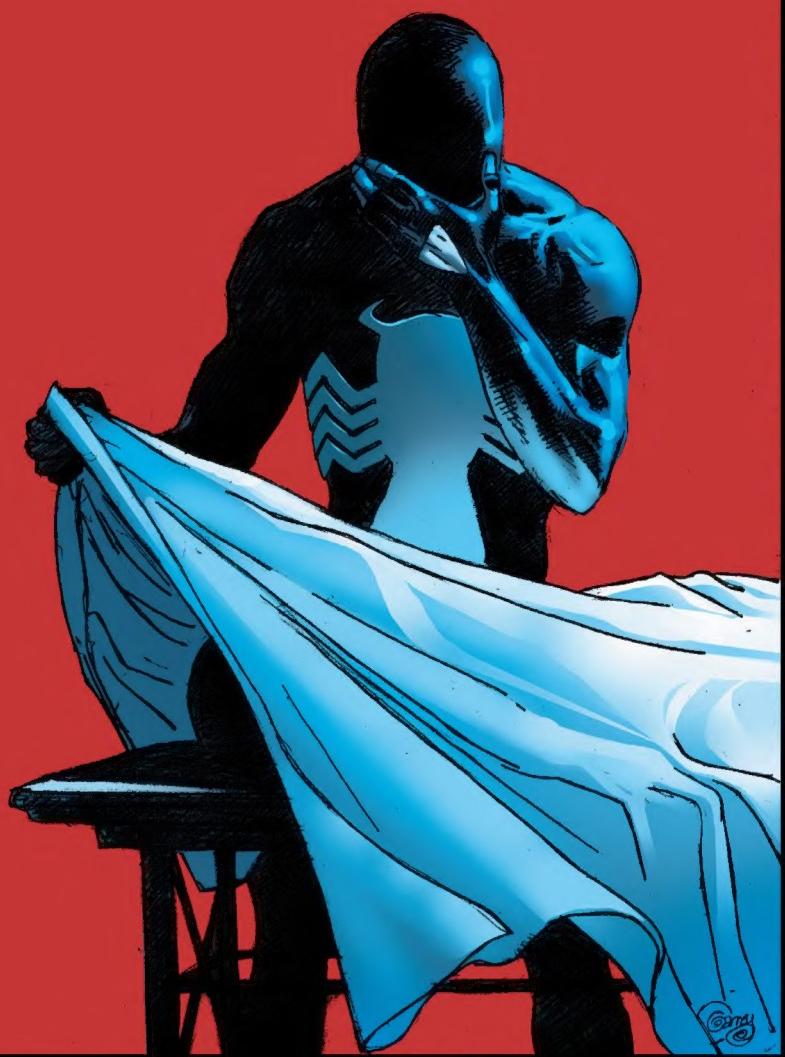
YEAH...  
ALL DONE.

FOR NOW,  
ANYWAY, BUT  
LATER--





# NEXT ISSUE:



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